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FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY SEPTIMUS SASSAPARILLA.

How wondrous are the changes, Jim,
Since forty years ago,
When gals were woolen dresses, Jim,
And boys wore pants of tow;
When shoes were made of calfskin
And socks of homespun wool,
And children did a half-day's work
Before the hour of school.
The girls took much lessons, Jim,
Upon the spinning-wheel,
And practiced late and early, Jim,
On spindle, swift and reel;
The boys would ride bare-back to mill
A dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before 'twas day,
Some forty years ago.
The people rode to meeting, Jim,
In sleighs instead of sleighs,
And wagons rode as easy, Jim,
As buggies now-a-days,
And even answered well for teams,
Though now they'd be too slow,
For people lived not half so fast,
Some forty years ago.
O, well do I remember, Jim,
The Wilson patent stove,
That father bought and paid for, Jim,
In cloth our gals had wore;
And how the neighbors wondered
When we got the thing to go,
They said 'twould heat and kill us all,
Some forty years ago.
Yes, everything is different, Jim,
From what it used to be,
For men are always improving, Jim,
With God's great natural laws,
But what on earth we're coming to—
Does anybody know?
For everything has changed so much,
Since forty years ago.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS.
Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo," "The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," "The Son of Athos," "The Three Valleys," "The Iron Mask," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

CORNELIUS VAN BAERLE'S WILL.

Rosa had not been mistaken; the judges came on the following day to the Buitenhof, and proceeded with the trial of Cornelius Van Baerle. The examination, however, did not last long, it having appeared on evidence that Cornelius had kept in his house that correspondence of the brothers De Witte with France. He did not deny it.
The only point about which there seemed any difficulty was, whether this correspondence had been intrusted to him by his godfather Cornelius De Witte.
But as, since the death of the martyrs, Van Baerle had no longer any reason for withholding the truth, he not only did not deny that the parcel had been delivered to him by Cornelius De Witte himself, but he also stated all the circumstances under which it was done.
This confession involved the godson in the crime of the godfather; manifest compliance being considered to exist between Cornelius De Witte and Cornelius Van Baerle.
The honest doctor did not confine himself to this avowal, but told the whole truth with regard to his own tastes, habits, and daily life. He described his indifference to politics, his love of study, of the fine arts, of science, and of flowers. He explained that, since the day when Cornelius De Witte handed to him the parcel at Dort, he himself had never touched, nor even noticed it.
To this it was objected, that in this respect he could not possibly be speaking the truth, since the papers had been deposited in a press, in which both his hands and his eyes must have been engaged every day.
Cornelius answered that it was indeed so; that, however, he never put his hand into the press, but to ascertain whether his bulbs were dry, and that he never looked into it, but to see if they were beginning to sprout.
To this again it was objected, that his pretended indifference respecting this deposit was not to be reasonably entertained, as he could not have received such papers from the hand of his godfather without being made acquainted with their important character.
He replied that his godfather Cornelius loved him too well, and, above all, that he was too considerate a man to have communicated to him anything of the contents of the parcel, well knowing that such a confidence would only have caused anxiety to him who received it.
To this it was objected, that if De Witte had wished to act in such a way, he would have added to the parcel, in case of accidents, a certificate, setting forth that his godson was an entire stranger to the nature of this correspondence, or at least he would, during his trial, have written a letter to him, which might be produced as his justification.
Cornelius replied, that undoubtedly his godfather could not have thought that there was any risk for the safety of his deposit, hidden as it was in a press, which was looked upon as sacred as the tabernacle by the whole household of Van Baerle; and that, consequently, he had considered the certificate as useless. As to a letter, he certainly had some remembrance that some moments previous to his arrest, while he was absorbed in the

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., OCTOBER 27, 1875.

NO. 43.

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How Nick Bowers Was Caught.

Nick Bowers was a member of the

original Christy minstrel and in his day was the greatest middle-man-interrogator known in the profession. Nick used to tell with great merit, an incident of his boyhood. To preserve the flavor of the relation we will record it in Nick's own language, and only regret that we cannot accompany it with his inimitable gesticulations.
"My old man," said Nick, "as a general thing was a pretty steady old gent, but once in a while he would get obnoxious, and water was not the cause of it. I recollect a certain holiday was approaching, and I had been skinning around to get a little money to have a time with on that day, but the fates and purses were against me. It was but two days prior to the holiday, and I hadn't a penny. Remember this, boys, when I add that on the same afternoon I came into the house, when I'd there on the floor, totally overcome by his libations, lay my respected daddy, and beside him lay six shining half dollars which had rolled from his pocket. Boys, I've been an honest man all my life, but once when a boy I committed a theft. I looked one of those half dollars. Thanks I to myself, the old man's been a jumboree, and won't know how much he spent, and will never miss it. But mark you, the next morning I and my two brothers were summoned into my father's presence. The old man's face lowered, I thought of the half dollar and I knew a storm was brewing.
"Boys," said he "last night when I came home I had six half dollars. One of 'em's gone. Your mother didn't take it. There's been no one else in the house. Which one of you took it?" We all protested our innocence.
"Boys," said the old man, "that half dollar never walked off, and I'm going to find out which one of you took it."
Turning around, he took down from the wall an old flint lock blunderbuss. This he deliberately loaded with powder and buckshot in our presence; then fastening it on the table, cocked it, took a seat behind, holding the string in his hand, and in solemn tones addressed us thus:
"Boys, I'm going to discover the thief and punish him at the same time. You must each of you blow into the muzzle of that gun. When the guilty one blows, off goes his head. Now then, you have a chance, will you own up, or blow up?"
"Den," said the old man to my eldest brother, "have you got that half dollar?"
"No, sir."
"Take a blow."
"Nick," I felt, boys, I'll tell you the chills began to roll down my back, "got that half dollar?"
"No, sir," said I with a defiant swagger.
"Blow that gun."
I walked up gravely, gave a blow and—
"Nick," said the old man in a voice of thunder, "where is that half dollar?"
He had me. The truth dived out of me. Said I, "out in the barn, pap."

Sensible Advice to Girls.

Give them a good education. Teach them to cook a nourishing meal. Teach them how to wash and iron, darn stockings, sew on buttons, to make their own dresses and a decent shirt.
Teach them how to bake bread, and that an orderly, well kept kitchen saves many drugs and medicines. Teach them that a dollar is worth one hundred cents, and that only he saves who pays less than he receives, and all that pay out more have to become poor.
Teach them a paid for calico dress fits better than a silk for which they have to run in debt.
Teach them that a round, full face is worth more than fifty consumptive beauties; teach them to wear good, strong shoes.
Teach them how to make purchases, and to calculate whether the bill corresponds. Teach them that they only spoil the image of God by tight lacing. Teach them simple sound sense, self-reliance and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in shirt sleeves and apron, even without a penny, is worth more than a dozen richly dressed aristocratic idlers. Teach them to cultivate gardens and wild flowers, the joys of free nature. And if you have the means, teach them music, drawing and all arts, but remember these are not necessary.
Teach them that taking walks is healthier than taking rides, and that the wild flowers are very beautiful to those who look at them attentively.
Teach them to despise all mere glitter, and if one says yee or no he should really mean it.
Teach them that happiness in matrimony depends neither upon outside appearance, nor the purse of the man; but upon his character. Have you taught them all this, and they understand it, then, when their proper time comes, let them marry in good faith, and they will get along by themselves.
The hair from a ladies' braid should never be worn on the lapel of a gentleman's coat, unless the parties are engaged.

contemplation of one of the rarest of his bulbs, John De Witte's servant entered his dry room, and handed to him a paper, but the whole was to him only like a vague dream; the servant had disappeared, and as to the paper, perhaps it might be found, if a proper search were made.
As far as Creakle was concerned, it was impossible to find him, as he had left Holland. The paper also was not very likely to be found, and no one gave himself the trouble to look for it.
Cornelius did not much press this point, since, even supposing that the paper should turn up, it could not have any direct connection with the correspondence which constituted the crime.
The judges wished to make it appear as though they wanted to urge Cornelius to make a better defence, they displayed that benevolent patience, which is generally a sign of the magistrates being interested for the prisoner: or of a man's having so completely got the better of his adversary, that he needs no longer any oppressive means to ruin him.
Cornelius did not accept of the hypocritical protection, and in a last answer, which he set forth with the noble bearing of a martyr, and the calm serenity of a righteous man, he said:
"You ask me things, gentlemen, to which I can answer only the exact truth. Hear it. The parcel was put in my hands, in the way I have described. I vow before God, that I was, and am still ignorant of its contents, and that it was not until my arrest that I learned that this deposit was the correspondence of the Grand Pensionary with the Marquis de Louvois. And, lastly, I vow and protest, that I do not understand how any one should have known that this parcel was in my house; and, above all, how can I be deemed criminal for having received what my illustrious and unfortunate godfather brought to my house."
This was Van Baerle's whole defence, after which the judges began to deliberate on the verdict.
They considered that every offshoot of civil discord is mischievous, because it revives the contest which it is the interest of all to put down.
One of them, who bore the character of a profound observer, laid down as his opinion that this young man, so plegmatic in appearance, must in reality be very dangerous, as, under this icy exterior, he was sure to conceal an ardent desire to revenge his friends the De Witte.
Another observed, that the love of tulips agreed perfectly well with that of politics, and that it was proved in history that many very dangerous men were engaged in gardening, just as it had been their profession, whilst really they occupied themselves with perfectly different concerns; witness Tarquin the Elder, the Great Conde, who watered his carnations at the dungeon of Vincennes, at the very moment when the former meditated his return to Rome, and the latter his escape from prison.
The judge summed up with the following dilemma:
"Either Cornelius Van Baerle is a great lover of tulips, or a great lover of politics; in either case he has told us a falsehood, first, because his having occupied himself with politics is proved by the letters which were found at his house; and secondly, because his having occupied himself with tulips is proved by the bulbs, which leave no doubt of the fact;—and herein lies the enormity of the case. Cornelius Van Baerle was concerned in the growing of tulips, and in the pursuit of politics at one and the same time, the prisoner is of hybrid character, of an amphibious organization, working with equal ardor at politics and at tulips, which proves him to belong to the class of men most dangerous to public tranquillity, and shows a certain, or rather a complete, analogy between his character, and that of those master minds, of which Tarquin the Elder and the Great Conde have been felicitously quoted as examples."
The upshot of all these reasonings was, that his Highness, the Prince Stadtholder of Holland, would feel infinitely obliged to the magistracy of the Hague, if they simplified for him the government of the Seven Provinces, by destroying even the last germ of conspiracy against his authority.
This argument capped all the others, and in order so much the more effectually to destroy the germ of conspiracy, sentence of death was unanimously pronounced against Cornelius Van Baerle, as being arraigned, and convicted, for having, under the innocent appearance of a tulip-lancier, participated in the detestable intrigues and abominable plots of the brothers De Witte against Dutch nationality, and in their secret relations with their French enemy.
A supplementary clause was tacked to the sentence, to the effect that, "the afore-said Cornelius Van Baerle should be led from the prison of the Buitenhof to the scaffold in the yard of the same name, where the public executioner would cut off his head."
As this deliberation was a most serious affair, it lasted a full half-hour, during which the prisoner was remanded to his cell.
The Recorder of the States came to read the sentence to him.

Master Gryphus was detained in bed by the fever caused by the fracture of his arm. His keys passed into the hands of one of his assistants. Behind this turnkey, who introduced the Recorder, Rosa, the fair Frisian maid, had slipped into the recess of the door, with a handkerchief to her mouth to stifle her sobs.
Cornelius listened to the sentence with an expression rather of surprise than of sadness.
After the sentence was read, the Recorder asked him whether he had anything to answer.
"Indeed, I have not," he replied. "Only I confess that among all the causes of death, against which a cautious man may guard, I should never have supposed this to be comprised."
On this answer, the Recorder saluted Van Baerle, with all that consideration which such functionaries generally bestow upon great criminals of every sort. But whilst he was about to withdraw, Cornelius asked, "By-the-by, Mr. Recorder, what day is the thing—you know what I mean—to take place?"
"Well, to-day," answered the Recorder, a little surprised by the self-possession of the condemned man.
A sob was heard behind the door, and Cornelius turned round to look from whom it came; but Rosa, who had foreseen this movement, had fallen back.
"And," continued Cornelius, "what hour is appointed?"
"Twelve o'clock, sir."
"Indeed," said Cornelius. "I think I heard the clock strike ten about twenty minutes ago. I have not much time to spare."
"Indeed you have not, if you want to make your peace with God," said the Recorder, bowing to the ground. "You may ask for any clergyman you please."
"Saying these words he went out backwards and the assistant turnkey was going to follow him, and to lock the door of Cornelius' cell, when a white and trembling arm interposed between him and the heavy door.
Cornelius saw nothing but the golden brocade cap, tipped with lace, such as the Frisian girls wore; he heard nothing but some whispering into the ear of the turnkey. But the latter put his heavy keys into the white hand which was stretched out to receive them, and, descending some steps, sat down on the staircase, which was thus guarded above by himself, and below by the dog. The head-dress turned round, and Cornelius beheld the face of Rosa, blanched with grief, and her beautiful eyes streaming with tears.
She went up to Cornelius, crossing her arms on her heaving breast.
"Oh, sir," she said, but sobs choked her utterance.
"My good girl," Cornelius replied with emotion, "what do you wish? I may tell you that my time on earth is short."
"I come to ask a favor of you," said Rosa, extending her arms partly toward heaven.
"Don't weep so, Rosa," said the prisoner, "for your tears go much more to my heart than my approaching fate, and you know the less guilty a prisoner is, the more it is his duty to die calmly, and even joyfully, as he dies a martyr. Come there's a dear, don't cry any more, and tell me what you want, my pretty Rosa."
She fell on her knees. "Forgive my father," she said.
"Your father, your father!" said Cornelius, astonished.
"Yes, he has been so harsh to you, but it is his nature, he is so to every one, and you are not the only one whom he has bullied."
"He is punished, my dear Rosa, more than punished, by the accident that has befallen him, and I forgive him."
"I thank you, sir," said Rosa. "And now tell me—oh, tell me—can I do anything for you?"
"You can dry your beautiful eyes, my dear child," answered Cornelius with a good tempered smile.
"But what can I do for you, for you I mean?"
"A man who has only one hour longer to live must be a great Sybarite, still to want anything, my dear Rosa."
"The clergyman who they have proposed to you?"
"I have worshipped God all my life. I have worshipped Him in his works, and praised Him in his decrees. I am at peace with Him, and do not wish for a clergyman. The last thought which occupies my mind, however, has reference to the glory of the Almighty, and indeed my dear, I should ask you to help me in carrying out this last thought."
"Oh, Myneer Cornelius, speak, speak!" exclaimed Rosa, still bathed in tears.
"Give me your hand, and promise me not to laugh, my dear child."
"Laugh," exclaimed Rosa, frantic with grief, "laugh at this moment! but do you not see my tears?"
"Rosa, you are no stranger to me. I have not seen much of you, but that little is enough to make me appreciate your character. I have never seen a woman more fair or more pure than you are, and if from this moment I take no more notice of you, forgive me; it is only because, on leaving this world, I do not wish to have any further regret."
"Rosa felt a shudder creeping over her frame, for, whilst the prisoner pronounced

ed these words the belfry clock of the Buitenhof struck eleven.
Cornelius understood her. "Yes, yes, let us make haste," he said, "you are right Rosa."
Then, taking the paper with the three suckers from his breast, where he had again put it, since he had no longer any fear of being searched, he said, "My dear girl, I have been very fond of flowers. That was at a time when I did not know that there was anything else to be loved. Don't blush, Rosa, nor turn away; and even if I were making you a declaration of love, alas! poor dear, it would be of no more consequence. Down there in the yard, there is an instrument of steel, which in sixty minutes will put an end to my boldness. Well, Rosa, I love flowers dearly, and I have found, or at least I believe so, the secret of the grand black tulip, which it has been considered impossible to grow, and for which, as you know, or may not know, a prize of a hundred thousand guilders has been offered by the Horticultural Society of Haarlem. These hundred thousand guilders—and heaven knows I do not regret them—these hundred thousand guilders I have here in this paper; for they are won by the three bulbs wrapped up in it, which you may take, Rosa, as I make you a present of them."
"Myneer Cornelius!"
"Yes, yes, Rosa, you may take them, you are not wronging any one, my child. I am alone in this world; my parents are dead; I never had a sister or brother. I have never had a thought of loving any one with what is called love, and if any one has loved me, I have not known it. However, you see well, Rosa, that I am abandoned by everybody, as in this sad hour you alone are with me in my prison, consoling and assisting me."
"But, sir, a hundred thousand guilders!"
"Well, let us talk seriously, my dear child; those hundred thousand guilders will be a nice marriage-portion, with your pretty face; you shall have them, Rosa, dear Rosa, and I ask nothing in return but your promise that you marry a fine young man, whom you love, and who will love you, as dearly as I loved my flowers. Don't interrupt me, Rosa, dear, I have only a few minutes more."
The poor girl was nearly choking with her sobs.
Cornelius took her by the hand.
"Listen to me," he continued: "I'll teach you how to manage it. Go to Dort and ask Buttrayshelm, my gardener, for soil from my border number six, fill a deep box with it, and plant in it these three bulbs. They will flower next May, that is to say, in seven months; and, when you see the flower forming on the stem, be careful at night to protect them from the wind, and by day to screen them from the sun. They will flower black; I am quite sure of it. You are then to apprise the President of the Haarlem Society. He will cause the color of the flower to be proved before the committee, and those hundred thousand guilders will be paid to you."
Rosa heaved a deep sigh.
"And now," continued Cornelius, wiping away a tear which was glistening in his eye, and which was shed much more for that marvellous black tulip which he was not to see, than for the life he was about to lose—"I have no wish left, except that the tulip should be called 'Rosa Barleensis'; that is to say, that its name should combine yours and mine; and as, of course, you do not understand Latin, and might therefore forget this name, try to get for me pencil and paper, that I may write it down for you."
Rosa sobbed afresh, and handed to him a book, bound in shagreen, which bore the initials C. W.
"What is this?" asked the prisoner.
"Alas!" replied Rosa, "it is the Bible of your poor godfather Cornelius De Witte. From it he derived strength to endure the torture, and to bear his sentence without flinching. I found it in this cell, after the death of the martyr, and have preserved it as a relic. To-day I brought it to you, for it seemed to me that this book must possess in itself a power which is quite heavenly. Write in it what you have to write, Myneer Cornelius; and, though, unfortunately, I am not able to read, I will take care that what you write shall be accomplished."
Cornelius took the Bible, and kissed it reverently.
"With what shall I write?" asked Cornelius.
"There is a pencil in the Bible," said Rosa.
This was the pencil which John De Witte had lent to his brother, and which he had forgotten to take away with him. Cornelius took it, and, on the last fly-leaf (for it will be remembered that the first was torn out), drawing near his end like his godfather, he wrote, with a no less firm hand—
"On this day, the 23rd of August, 1672, being on the point of rendering, although innocent, my soul to God on the scaffold, I bequeath to Rosa Gryphus, the only daughter of my dear friend, the only worldly good which has remained to me of all that I have possessed in this world, the last having been confiscated; I bequeath, I say, to Rosa Gryphus three bulbs, which I am convinced must pro-

duce, in next May, the Grand Black Tulip, for which a prize of a hundred thousand guilders has been offered by the Haarlem Society, requesting that she may be paid the same sum in my stead, as my sole heiress, under the only condition of her marrying a respectable young man of about my age, who loves her, and whom she loves, and of her giving the black tulip, which will constitute a new species, the name of 'Rosa Barleensis'; that is to say, hers and mine combined.
"So may God grant me mercy; and to her health and long life!
"CORNELIUS VAN BAERLE."
The prisoner then giving the Bible to Rosa, said:
"Read."
"Alas!" she answered, "I have already told you I cannot read."
Cornelius then read to Rosa the testament that he had just made.
The agony of the poor girl almost overpowered her.
"Do you accept my conditions?" asked the prisoner, with a melancholy smile, kissing the trembling hands of the afflicted girl.
"Oh, I don't know, sir," she stammered.
"You don't know, child, and why not?"
"Because there is one condition which I am afraid I cannot keep."
"Which? I should have thought that all was settled between us."
"You give me the hundred thousand guilders as a marriage-portion, don't you?"
"Yes."
"And under the condition of my marrying a man whom I love?"
"Certainly."
"Well, then, sir, this money cannot belong to me. I shall never love any one; neither shall I marry."
And, after having with difficulty uttered these words, Rosa almost swooned away in the violence of her grief.
Cornelius, frightened at seeing her so pale and sinking, was going to take her in his arms, when a heavy step, followed by other dismal sounds, was heard on the staircase, amidst the continued barking of the dog.
"They are coming to fetch you. Oh, God! Oh, God!" cried Rosa, wringing her hands. "And have you nothing more to tell me?"
She fell on her knees, with her face buried in her hands, and became almost senseless.
"I have only to say, that I wish you to preserve these bulbs as the most precious treasure, and carefully to treat them according to the directions I have given you! do it for my sake, and now farewell, Rosa."
"Yes, yes," she said, without raising her head, "I will do anything you bid me, except marrying," she added, in a low voice, "for that, oh! that is impossible for me."
She then put that cherished treasure next her beating heart.
The noise on the staircase which Rosa and Cornelius had heard was caused by the Recorder, who was coming for the prisoner. He was followed by the executioner, by the soldiers who were to form the guard round the scaffold, and by some curious hangers-on of the prison.
Cornelius, without showing any weakness, but likewise without any bravado, received them rather as friends than as persecutors, and quickly submitted to all those preparations which these men were obliged to make in the performance of their duty.
Then, casting a glance into the yard through the narrow iron-barred window of his cell, he perceived the scaffold, and, at twenty paces distant from it, the gibbet, from which, by order of the Stadtholder, the outraged remains of the two brothers De Witte had been taken down.
When the moment came to descend, in order to follow the guards, Cornelius sought with his eyes the angelic look of Rosa; but he saw, behind the swords and halberds, only a form lying outstretched near a wooden bench, and a death-like face half covered with long golden locks.
But, Rosa, whilst falling down senseless, still obeying her friend, had pressed her hand on her velvet bodice, and, forgetting everything in the world besides, instinctively grasped the precious deposit which Cornelius had entrusted to her care.
Leaving the cell the young man could still see, in the convulsively-clenched fingers of Rosa, the yellowish leaf from that Bible on which Cornelius De Witte had with such difficulty and pain written these few lines, which, if Van Baerle had read them, would undoubtedly have been the saving of a man and a tulip.
[Continued next week.]

In one of Josh Billings' late papers he says: "The sun was going to bed, and the heavens fur and near were a blushing at the performance!"

"What's all this talk about the currency and the five-twenty and the thirty-threes that I hear about, Mike?" "Why, blise your soul, don't ye know, Pat? It means that the Government wants to make laborin' men work from five-twenty in the mornin' till six-thirty in the evenin'." "Och, the spalpeens! May the devil choke them!"

Old Newspapers.
(Frankfort Yeoman.)
Mr. Wm. Daugherty, of this city, has laid before us a copy of the "Maysville Eagle" (a weekly) of October, 19th 1825, and a printed circular, without date, addressed to the people of Kentucky by his grandfather, Dr. Michael Daugherty, of Maysville; on the subject of a land decision by the new Court of Appeals. Also a fragment of an old Philadelphia journal. These documents are all yellow with age, and filled with interesting reading matter, including advertisements, characteristic of those times. In the paper of Oct. 19 we find that the Eagle was "printed and published by Lewis Collins," which we presume indicates that he was also the editor. Mr. Collins is better known to the present generation of Kentuckians as the author of the History of Kentucky bearing his name. The size of the Eagle at that time was about one-third what it is now, but its contents show that it was conducted with great spirit and ability. The first page of the number dated Oct. 19 contains a three-column story, entitled "The Strawberry Girl," copied from the New York Free Press, and "A Letter from Europe—No. VI," sent back from Limerick, Ireland, by the editor of the New York Statesman. On the second page we find "The address of the President of Mexico to the Mexican Congress" (name of the President not given); next a column of extracts from "The Speech of M. M. Noah at Arras"—one extract being devoted to the identification of the North American Indians with the Lost Tribes of Israel, and the other to the eloquent maintenance of the proposition that "Agriculture is the natural and noblest pursuit of man;" and then, after a few more miscellaneous excerpts, comes two columns of advertisements. Of these two columns, Mr. Cox, bookseller, occupies a whole one with a catalogue of his goods, headed, "New Books." Then comes J. T. Edgar's advertisement of his seminary of learning, under the caption of "A Literary Asylum," which he concludes with the statement that "a few more boarders will be taken." Next, the card of two citizens of Potosi, Mo., and one of Maysville, Ky., headed, "Stop the murderer!!!" and offering \$1,000 reward for the apprehension of William Hill, who murdered William M. Perry near Potosi, on the 17th Sep. 1825. The description of Hill winds up as follows: "He is 50 years old, chews tobacco, is found of gaming and drinking, and, in fine, is addicted to every vice." Next comes a reward of \$40 for a runaway negro slave—a boy named Aaron—by Alfred Metcalfe, &c. The third page is devoted to editorial and general news. First, the editor informs a correspondent that "Spectator" shall appear next week. Then comes the inevitable weather paragraph, stating that whereas the forepart of October, up to the Sunday before, had been unusually warm, it had since undergone a change and was now (on the 19th) cold. But we have not the space to give a complete description of this fifty-year old paper. But one Kentucky paper is copied from or noticed in this old paper, namely, the Danville Advocate.
In the fragment of the old Philadelphia paper, the name and date of which have been torn off, but which was evidently printed in September, 1824, we find the "Louisville (Kentucky) Public Advertiser" quoted from as affirming that Louisville has been healthy this season, and that "the inhabitants of the Ohio shores generally, have abundant cause to feel grateful to the Most High for the good health they have enjoyed." This ancient Philadelphia newspaper is filled with notices of the tour of Gen. Lafayette (then the guest of the United States) through the Eastern States, the ovations he everywhere received, &c., and with sharp editorials and reprinted paragraphs advocating the election of J. Q. Adams, then Secretary of State, to the Presidency. It also contains a notice of the death of Rev. David Colwell, in Guilford county, N. C., on the 19th August, 1824, aged 99 years and 5 months—he having been born in Lancaster, Pa., in March, 1725. Among the advertisements we find the names of Drs. Physic and Chapman, Thos. P. Cope & Sons, H. C. Carey & Lea, E. Little, Thomas Sully, J. J. Audubon, Titian R. Pees—all names well-known to the country, as those of distinguished Philadelphians.
—Among the advertisers in the Old Maysville Eagle are the names of A. M. January, Wm. Unston, Jr., Dr. Shackelford, John Armstrong, G. W. Wilson, J. M. Morton, J. B. West, James Shackelford, Wm. Anno, L. Gulch, Val Peers and others whose names are still familiar in that part of Kentucky. Val Peers advertises a cotton factory for sale, and John Armstrong says that Marshall's History of Kentucky can be bought at his store.
"John, I came very near selling my shoes the other day," said one man to another. "How was that?" "Why, I had them half-soled."
The doctors don't believe in advertising—it's unprofessional you know—but let one of 'em tie up a sore thumb for John Smith, and they'll climb seven pairs of stairs to have a reporter "just mention it, you know."